

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You The Truth

Which is most important ?

***THE SAFETY OF LONDON or the IMAGINARY
dignity of the Prime Minister ?***

YE CITIZENS OF LONDON

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

LONDONERS,

YOU are Citizens of no mean City and yet—the London we love and are so proud of—is the only Capital without any Defence against an invasion from the Air !

DO you realise what this means ?

IT means that your homes and your children could be destroyed in a few hours.

ARE you content--IN ORDER TO PLEASE THE PRIME MINISTER—to remain in this deadly peril ?

THE finest machines and bravest airmen are eagerly waiting to be employed to protect you.

DO you want this protection ?

I AM told it will cost two hundred thousand pounds, and I will gladly give this sum to save London and its inhabitants from this terrible danger—as a Christmas Present to my Country.

THE Government will do nothing unless YOU tell them THEY MUST accept my offer.

Your true Friend,

LUCY HOUSTON.

N.B.—We now hear that the Prime Minister is considering this offer.

LE MONSTRE DU LOCH-NESS—(*The Loch Ness Monster*)



From the Echo de Paris

—C'est, en effet, un monstre préhistorique !

(—*By Jove, it is a prehistoric monster!*)

Notes of the Week

To the Lamp-Post

Presumably Sir Stafford Cripps imagines himself clever in saying that when the Labour Party come into power they will permit no interference from the King—but, instead of being clever, he is merely an insolent renegade who ought to be strung up on the nearest lamp-post—and, if ever he dared to interfere with His Majesty the King, he would be torn limb from limb by the populace, and the whole loyal Labour Party would assist. And let me tell Sir Stafford Cripps—if ever there is going to be a Dictatorship in England, that Dictator would be King George V.—and Sir Stafford Cripps can put that in his pipe and smoke it!



Braggadocio

At one time I thought that Sir Stafford Cripps was a dangerous leader of the Labour Party in England. His latest indiscretion and blazing

recklessness have relieved me of that apprehension; for we now learn, from his latest utterance, that if we do not bow to his will we are to have Civil War. He actually threatens England with a Civil War! For, not only are the House of Lords and the City and the Banks to be swept into the net of the Trades Union Congress, but he even threatens the King in Buckingham Palace. We must be prepared for obstruction from Buckingham Palace, he says, if the will of the People is to be realised. Whether this state of things will ever come to pass in England, I am not prepared to predict; but I am certain that it will not occur in the present generation. England is not a revolutionary country, and the Trades Union Congress is one of the most timid and really conservative bodies in the country.



Policy not Obligation

Ever since the Treaty of Versailles I have been the consistent and persistent opponent of the League of Nations—ridiculing and denouncing it

as either futile or dangerous, which it has proved itself to be. The only sensible policy which served us in the past, until it was dragged down first by the Liberals and then by Socialists, is the policy of a Navy and an Air Force twice as big as the Navy and Air Fleet of any other First Rate Power. This is policy, not obligation—the policy of the Victorian era before we allowed America to dictate our foreign policy, the policy which made every European Power acknowledge our ascendancy at the Council Table of Europe, for thereby they knew the Peace of Europe was kept.

Would it not be well, therefore, for the Government to consider the acceptance of the generous offer that has been made to them of a large sum of money to help in the equipment of additional aeroplanes? So far as I know the Treasury has not even deigned to acknowledge the receipt of this offer and if the members of the present House of Commons were not a flock of sheep, someone would ask a question of the Prime Minister which might even call a blush to the cheek of that hardened Pacifist and vacillating gas-bag. Surely this is a more important question than the cuts in school-teachers' salaries or even the pay of the Prime Minister himself.

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Noblesse Oblige

It seems quite natural that the Cecils should add another peerage to the family list, which is a pretty full one already. I don't think Lord Hugh, who is a real orator, the only one perhaps (for Lord Robert is an ungraceful speaker), can escape much longer. Everyone must acknowledge the fitness of Sir Evelyn Cecil's honour. He is a very fine specimen of the old Tory gentleman, fixed in his principles, quiet, and making his influence felt by his good breeding and by his culture, not now, alas! to be taken as a matter of course in a gentleman of family.

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Bentham's College

Lord Elton is that very rare article, a college don who is also a country gentleman, for he inherited property, and has built himself a lordly pleasure house on Headington Hill. Great is the pride of Queen's, until the Rhodes scholars arrived a college of outsiders, and rather looked down on by the majority of undergraduates. "Quggers" was the name its members went by in my days. Then came the Americans under Rhodes' will, and, though they were not quite a success, they forced Oxford to recognise the existence of Queen's, which was Jeremy Bentham's college. It is funny how colleges come up and down, and I shouldn't be surprised if Queen's became quite fashionable. Lord Elton is Mr. MacDonald's answer to the Labour Party, and a very good answer too. The Labour Party seems now the avenue to the House of Lords.

The Lord Privy Seal

Mr. Anthony Eden appears to be a son of Sir William Eden, who had a row with Whistler, in which the witty vulgarity of the American displayed itself at full length. It is described in that fascinating monograph "The Tribulations of a Baronet," written by Sir Timothy Eden. Mr. Anthony Eden is an illustration of the truth of Disraeli's epigram that "every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful." That time has now arrived to Mr. Anthony Eden. I described in a previous note that the "territorial tag" is only proper when used to differentiate two peers of the same name. Sir Douglas Newton and Sir Evelyn Cecil would be quite justified in using it, though no one could ever confuse the member of Cambridge with Tom Legh of Lyme.

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Our Peril from Air Attack

The Government appears to be nibbling with the shoddy idea of providing merely ten squadrons of military aircraft, which were needed as our minimum strength ten years ago. Japan is building now at the rate of 1,000 a year. Great Britain possesses 706 effective Air Force machines in all, 200 of these being required for overseas service. Germany possesses a great reserve of fast civil planes which could be adapted for warfare at any moment, and one at least of her airliners, the D 2000, could drop thirty tons of bombs in one air-raid on London with the greatest ease. This equals all the bombs she hurled on the Capital in 35 effective raids during the War. The United States are allocating an additional £1,200,000 on new naval airplanes, and have ordered 150 new War Department planes. The Russian Soviet are said to have bombers at Vladivostok capable of making a non-stop flight of 700 miles to Tokio and bombing the city. These facts are enough to go on with if anyone believes that everything in the garden is lovely. Actually our peril is extreme.

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A Conspiracy of Silence

The extraordinary thing about our neglect of air defences is the apparent public apathy. Apart from Lord Rothermere, who is making herculean efforts in all his journals to bring home the danger, and the *Saturday Review*, which keeps on publishing the facts—by-the-by, why does the Government ignore Lady Houston's munificent offer of £200,000 towards building fighting planes?—the *soi-disant* "National" newspapers all lie mum. Is there a conspiracy of silence? Can it be due to that puerile jealousy which infests Fleet Street, whereby they will not support any campaign run by Lord Rothermere? We

who know our *Times* expect nothing from that Astor-owned journal; nor from *The Daily Telegraph*, whose naïve smugness is only equalled by its servility to the Government; nor from *The Daily Herald*, although the teeming millions of working-class people, whose interest it claims to protect, can be massacred and maimed in a few moments without warning. But what of Lord Beaverbrook? Why does *The Daily Express*, which professes to be Imperialist, so signal'y ignore home defences? *The Daily Express* has been losing its grip since Mr. Beverley Baxter left it.

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The "Popular" Government on the Stump

It is announced that the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin and other stars of the Ministerial Front Bench are shortly going on the stump to explain to audiences what a fine Government they make. We hope the usual " hecklers" will be in evidence and ask a few pertinent questions about our aerial defences. There are a good many other questions as well, but this is the most urgent and alarming. This stump campaign is advertised as having for its motive the desire to increase the popularity of the Government. It is not often we find ourselves in agreement with *The Daily Herald*, but it is not far off the mark when it says that the launching of the campaign is in itself a confession of failure. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is perhaps unaware that his best news value is the ridiculous figure he cuts in the eyes of the public, as was shown the other day when news-editors seized with avidity on the story of how he put on "make-up" when he was filmed so as not to look as old as he is. News-editors know their market if Ministers of the Crown do not.

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Optimism at the F.O.

It is to be hoped that the optimism which we understand now prevails at the Foreign Office as the result of the visits of Sir John Simon to Paris and Rome is well-founded, that is, is based on ascertained facts and not on the wish that is father to the thought, respecting the prospects of some accommodation between the French and German points of view on disarmament. At the moment, however, our public is in the dark concerning the French proposals, and the instability of the Government of M. Chautemps cannot be said to be a reassuring feature of the general situation.

It is a great mistake to suppose that that situation remains at " steady " so far as Germany is concerned. Her re-armament proceeds apace. The Storm Troops and other formations are now being provided with bayonets—not, of course, for military but for "decorative purposes; besides, rifles look so incomplete without them"! So runs the German rede. What may touch us more

nearly is the statement made on good authority that Germany is turning out 3,000 aeroplanes a month, and plans to have ready at short notice 10,000 air-engines! How about these facts, Sir John?

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Similia Similibus

The Soviet Government, when accused of hostile propaganda and of fomenting trouble within the Empire, has always alleged that it takes no part whatever in anything of the sort, and conveniently lays the blame on the "Third International"—without, however, deceiving any except those who wilfully shut their eyes. Something of the same kind of thing on the part of Germany has now come to the startled and indignant notice of M. Litvinoff, the Soviet Foreign Commissar. He states he has discovered, poor innocent, that, while official Germany denies all expansionist and Imperial aims, men "holding no State office but responsible posts" give vent, without restraint or even challenge, to every demand of the extremist Pan-Germanism. Sad, isn't it?

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The Year of Victory

M. Poincaré has just published (Plon: Paris) the tenth volume of his monumental work, "Au Service de la France." The eleventh and final volume of these memoirs of the great French statesman has still to come. What a quarry for the historian the complete set will be! Yet there will be some hesitations, perplexities and qualifications, for never was there a more individualistic writer than Poincaré, never a man who knew his own mind better or was more sure of himself.

Volume X deals with 1918, and is entitled "Victoire et Armistice." The greater part of this book is concerned with Poincaré's relations with Clemenceau—the "Tiger" whom he himself had called to power, but who made his position very difficult, as was to be expected when both were strong men and each wanted his own way. Poincaré says what he thinks, or rather thought, of Clemenceau, for this volume, like the others, is virtually a diary. It may be noted that, as throwing a significant light on the resurgent Germany that confronts us to-day, this part of the diary closed with an entry expressing the opinion that the Armistice had been granted too soon, as the Germans had not been totally defeated in the field. How right he was!

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The portrait of the King published in this number represents His Majesty in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment, and is taken from the painting by J. A. A. Barrie.

President Roosevelt's Policy

By A.A.B.

THREE are two ways of meeting national deficit, by borrowing and by taxation. We, the English, have chosen the correct and difficult part of making up our losses by taxation. We have suffered much and are only consoled by having secured the admiration of the world. Money is pouring into this country from all corners of the universe, because people see that England is the only place where they can safely deposit their money.

We endure an income tax of 5s. in the £, a taxation which appears to other nations as absurd, but we pay our way, and we have our reward, such as it is. But this policy would be impossible in America. President Roosevelt has already made up his mind to borrow instead of taxing the people, chiefly for the purpose of lending to agricultural debtors, and stopping the frightful deluge of unemployment, of which, according to the *Sunday Times*, the figure given is 12,000,000.

End of Token Payments ?

But borrow Roosevelt never so largely for public works, still, taking the figures of the *Sunday Times*, their national debt is £6,000,000,000 sterling, which is still less than half of our national debt, although the United States has three times our population, and the individual burden of each citizen is very much less than that borne by the average Briton. We may pass by, therefore, President Roosevelt's larger schemes of monetary policy, for two reasons: firstly, because nobody does, or can, understand them, and secondly because he cannot possibly have the time to carry them out.

The only point in American politics which interests us is—Are we, or are we not, going to pay any more war debts to America? Both France and England having paid token payment twice running, it would seem that even the House of Representatives have come to the conclusion that no more is to be expected from that source, and that it would be better for both debtor and creditor if these debts were wiped out.

Time is of the essence of the contract, to use a legal phrase. The American President is an absolute Dictator for four years; during that time he can defy hostile votes in either the Senate or the House of Representatives. But if at the end of four years he has failed to touch the heart of the country, or, in other words, has swept it off its legs, his power is gone and he retires into private life. I submit that President Roosevelt may be absolute for four years, but it must be

remembered that, in a country like America where there is no aristocracy and no small traders, Big Finance must still be the master power. It is impossible but that big finance will be opposed at many points to the President's policy, and they will bring him down.

Four years are too short a time for the carrying out of these enormous changes. An English Prime Minister is always more or less under the control of the Legislature. He may lose his vote and his party for the time being, but he has plenty of opportunity to impress his policy upon the country.

The American President must do it all within his period of office. He has two democratic assemblies to deal with, and I doubt whether he can carry these enormous experiments through in the time. If America were to adopt a moderate tariff policy and reduce her duties, no doubt she would in time recover her prosperity, which she is gradually doing. The United States ought to be a warning and not an example for England. I have every sympathy with the United States, but there is no use in concealing the fact that in the past they have not only never helped England, but they have been her evil genius.

Subservience to America

There is, in the first place, the War Debts, the staggering amount of which is due to the fact that neither Mr. Baldwin nor Mr. Norman had ever mastered the rules of compound interest, although the former had been to Harrow and the second had been to Eton. Why Mr. Montagu Norman has been elected, as I am told he has, fifteen times to be Governor of the Bank of England is one of those mysteries which I do not pretend to solve. The repudiation of the American debt, which, if we paid in full, would amount to twice what we borrowed in the war, ought to set the seal to Mr. Montagu Norman's reputation, and upon Mr. Baldwin's prestige.

However, we shall never pay the debt, "and there is an end on't." The second benefit which our subservience to America has cost us is naval parity; the third benefit is the ruin of our rubber industry in our Eastern colonies. The Americans persuaded Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin to reduce our navy till it became equal to the American level. Since that time the Americans have spent large sums in increasing their navy, while ours has been starved to death. Why? England must give up her subservience to America if she is to remain a first-rate Power.

Our Most Vital Problem

By "KIM"

THREE is something of a fluttering in the political dovecotes owing to the resignation of Mr. G. H. Edwards, the Conservative Central Office agent for London. It is a premature resignation owing to pressure from within, and the general impression is that his control of the 62 metropolitan constituencies has been signalled by too much "Toryism," and too little of the peculiar brand supplied by the rag-tag and bobtail Government supporters, totalling under 50 in all, which give the Government its "National" label, saving the mark! The young lions of the MacDonald Socialist persuasion—thirteen in all, because they were supported by Mr. Baldwin's pact—and the lambs who follow Sir John Simon are dissatisfied.

We should watch this movement with attention. When the Conservative Central office throw overboard the man who has for 32 years engineered great victories for Conservatism, it gives ground for the belief that Mr. Baldwin in spite of denials is endeavouring to transfer the whole of the Party Machine to what he calls "Nationalism," but is in effect only Socialism under another name. It would not be surprising.

Mr. Baldwin's political career from the auspicious hour when he became prominent has been to "dish" Liberals and Socialists by stealing their and selling to the Conservatives policies which anger the bulk of those who vote for what they believe to be Tory principles and find them the reverse. It is this which has made him unpopular with Conservatives generally.

Fall of a Gladiator

Whatever label they elect to use, their policy is a traitorous truckling to treachery. But a Government yearning to surrender control of India and Burma to groups who are outspokenly hostile, who tolerate the utmost insolence from De Valera at our gates, and who, in pursuit of a world disarmament, now visibly incapable of fulfilment, have reduced our national defences to a state of utter impotence: of course, we must not call them traitors, but what other word is there that describes them?

They wish to prolong permanently the life of the so-called "National Party," and their efforts turn naturally to the capture of the Conservative machine. Mr. Edwards presumably is one of the first gladiators to fall in a flank attack.

It is complained by the experts who are usually utterly wrong in their analysis of the electoral machine that the defeat at Fulham last October was because Mr. Edwards fought the seat on Conservative and not National lines. A great deal was written at the time on this by-election, where a previous Conservative majority of 14,521 was turned into a 4,840 Socialist victory. Fulham had been hitherto consistently strong Conservative in successive Parliaments. Never before had it toyed with Socialism. There is no doubt the

tremendous turn-over was effected just because the "National" candidate was a wobbler on Conservative principles.

He wobbled in regard to the India White Paper, regarding which electors felt far more strongly than many Members of Parliament yet suspect. He was hesitating in several other matters, including national defence. A very great number of voters, who in these days can think for themselves, and are not at all obedient to any Party organisation as such, came to the conclusion that the "National" Government, as a vehicle of Conservative principles, was a snare and a fraud. They had seen through Messrs. Ramsay McDonald and Baldwin, the irritating policy of Mr. Runciman on tariff evasions with the unpopular quotas, and Mr. Walter Elliott, equally evasive on agriculture.

The Navy's Opportunity

Conservative abstentions were many and a great turnover of former Conservative votes to the Socialists suggests a general disgust and distrust of the Government let-down. It indicated even a certain amount of vindictiveness.

In less degree the same tale would summarise other by-elections. When it is found that tens of thousands of Conservative votes have been lost there is a reason. It is not due to any attractiveness of the National but really Socialist programme, for they are floundering in the mud with nothing better to offer than bickerings. It is because a number of those who enthusiastically supported a "National" platform, which they innocently believed was going to be truly National, are disillusioned and disheartened.

They curse the name of politician most heartily because the word has a new and sinister significance of deception and duplicity. Perhaps it was not too sweet before, but Mr. Baldwin was believed to be the one exception to the rule—an honest politician, who sucked his pipe at public dinners and was nationally minded. They know better to-day.

Sir Roger Keyes may have the chance to perform another great national service. When he stands for Portsmouth North, where Sir Bertram Falke had a majority of 14,149, he may hold, and with his great reputation increase that majority, provided he stands four-square for an immediate revision of our national defences. Sir Roger knows well enough what the Navy needs, but we hope to see him insist upon an Air-Force adequate to protect our homes and our Imperial Commitments.

If he insists boldly all sorts will rally to him, but if he lends too close an ear to Bridge Street even his reputation will not suffice. The most vital of our problems is to build up a great British Air-fleet, which will provide the only real security for peace, and he can carry this message into the House of Commons.

Boosting by Abuse

How the Indian Politician Reacts to the White Paper

By HAMISH BLAIR
(*The Man on the Spot*)

THE "Diehard" campaign against the White Paper proposals has had some interesting, not to say significant, repercussions in India. Delegate after delegate has returned with a long face, and has warned his fellow politicians that there is a growing opposition in England to the so-called reforms.

The politicians have been told that the MacDonald-Baldwin-Hoare confederacy are not going to have an easy passage with the forthcoming India Bill, and that, if the White Paper is to get through Parliament without being emasculated, "Indian public opinion"—that is, the voice of a few thousand more or less seditious literates—must make itself heard in no uncertain manner.

An Indian Dodge

The politicians have not been slow to take the hint. North, south, east and west, they and their organs in the press have suddenly awakened to the importance of having the White Paper passed into law. But if anyone thinks that they have come out to champion it he is very much mistaken. That is not the Indian way. What the politicians are out for is the White Paper as it sprang full-armed from the head of Messrs. MacDonald, Hoare and Co.—not that they have ever been greatly enamoured of it, but still—

What they pretend to be out for is a White Paper so expanded and fortified that it would amount to complete and immediate Dominion status. What they are really afraid of is that the stir which is being made by the opponents of the White Paper in England may stampede the Government into abandoning its own offspring. Therefore they have set out to stampede it in the opposite direction. They know well enough that the only stimulus to which it responds is fear; and they have bluffed it so often and with such incredible success as to make them supremely confident of repeating the performance on the present occasion.

The Indian invariably asks for twice as much as he expects to get. The White Paper as it stands gives the politicians all they need or desire. With that as a fulcrum they can lever the Empire to destruction—and if it is given to them they most assuredly will. But, as the result of the growing uneasiness as in England, they see that in order to get it they must demand a lot more.

The present tactics, therefore, of so-called Moderates and Extremists alike is to crab the White Paper for all they are worth, and declare that they would rather be without it. By this simple device they hope to ensure that the White Paper policy shall not, at the worst, be whittled

down in response to the "Diehard" agitation at home.

Hence the recent drive against it from all sides in India. On the one hand we have Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and the Indian delegates insisting that complete responsibility must be handed over to "India" not later than eighteen months to two years hence, on penalty of the direst trouble. On the other hand we have the Indian press urging with practical unanimity that the White Paper reforms are not worth having and that—I quote the *Servant of India*, a leading "Moderate" organ—"unless the scheme is improved beyond recognition, we would rather like to be where we are; and, since improvements are now out of the question, we do not want any constitutional change at all."

As I write, a public meeting has been called in Bombay the object of which is "to make it clear to the British Government and Parliament that the White Paper proposals, with their implications as revealed in the examination of the Secretary of State for India (Sir Samuel Hoare) by the Parliamentary Select Committee, will not meet with the approval of the country." In Lahore it has been proclaimed that "we would rather have a continuance of the present dyarchy than provincial autonomy under the proposed terms created by the so-called Communal Award." In Madras a new party has come into being whose objective is "A nation-wide agitation against the White Paper in co-operation with other parties"!

Not Meant At All

The simple Englishman would hardly suppose that the people who write and say these things don't mean them in the least. It requires a long familiarity with Indian modes of thought to divine that what the politicians are really afraid of is that the White Paper, with all its glorious opportunities of sabotage and *revanche* at the expense of everything and everybody British, may not, after all, pass into law!

If the issues were less vital, the situation would be merely Gilbertian—a terrific outcry against the White Paper for the special purpose of boosting it! A handful of Indian politicians dictating terms of surrender to the British Government, for all the world as though they were Goths hammering at the gates of Rome! India always was a Gilbertian country, and never more so than now. For the net result of all this "to-do" is to make it clear that the only people who favour the White Paper policy are the English delegates who have been talking about it in London for three solid years.

India, 14th December, 1933.

The Fallacies of Socialism

Ignoring the Foundation of Human Nature

By ADMIRAL MARK KERR, C.B., M.V.O.

SOIALISM is described in the dictionary as "a scheme for regenerating society for a more equal distribution of property, and substituting the principle of association for competition."

Put shortly, perfect socialism wishes to strike an average in wealth, comfort and opportunity, so that all men and women should be alike, share alike and live alike.

The lower extreme of the various kinds of self-styled socialism is known as Bolshevism.

This was founded on the idea that the greatest number of people in the world are short of brains, money, opportunity and comfort of any kind, while the minority have more than they need, which should be divided amongst the majority. Anything that cannot be divided must be destroyed rather than one person should reap the benefit of it. The difference between this and Socialism is obvious. The latter tries to strike an average in everything, while the former aims at dragging down everyone to the lowest level: a vastly different idea!

An Unworkable Division

The fundamental difficulty in all schemes of Socialism is the fact that no human being is like another, or endowed in the same way. One can visualise the division of money and property, but one sees great difficulties in dividing certain other things, such as the brain, intelligence or muscle of any living creature.

Some people will sell their plot of land for drink, others for pleasure of various kinds, or change of country and scene. Tastes are different, and money is required for the different tastes. People are happy in different ways, contented under varying conditions, and, until the human brain can be standardised, true Socialism and all its by-products are up against a fundamentally unsurmountable wall.

The law of supply and demand makes people anxious to buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest. So long as men have brains, some will wish to do this, but it is impossible to buy unless you can sell. It may be often the case that the individual himself does not sell, but someone sells for him the products which have been produced by his invested money, which comes to the same thing. In order to be able to sell in the world's market, one must manufacture goods or provide articles, at least as good as those that one's rivals' produce, and at least as cheap as the prices they ask: but the working people of some countries have a higher standard of living than those of others, and, to counteract their high standard and higher wages, it is necessary that they must work longer hours, or work harder, than the labourers in rival States who require

fewer necessities and luxuries and who, consequently, work for lower wages.

Climate has a great deal to do with this. The light of the sun provides great nourishment in those lands where it is a daily companion but, as an offset to this, those people who live in the colder and damper climates appear to have an extra allowance of energy and muscle. So these latter have their chance if they choose to take it. The manager of a great firm in the North of England, which has extended its branches and buildings to the shores of the Mediterranean, told me that in spite of the wages in the South being half what they were in the North, work requiring great strength and endurance was produced cheaper in cloudy England than in sunny Italy with the lower wages.

Labour is supported by Capital, as the walls support the roof. The roof will fall without its walls; without a roof the inside will be washed away, and the walls left bare. Dividends are paid on the whole product, for which labour is only a portion of the capital invested. The labourer does not risk anything in a financial way, whereas the capitalist does, in the event of failure or partial failure. If the latter cannot get 5 per cent. he will put his money abroad, and foreign labour will be employed instead of our own.

Trade in Brains

Any increase in wages produces increases in other trades, and invariably sends up the price of the articles which are being manufactured to compete in the world's market. For example, increased wages increase the price of coal, which increases the price of steel, ships and other manufactures that are made of steel. The same happens if engineering wages are increased.

One more point. A captain of industry has a particular kind of brain which enables him to run a big business. If an offer for his brains is not big enough, he will naturally take them elsewhere to the highest bidder.

The greatest capital of any country is the power of work of its people, but each brain should be used in the line to which it is most fitted for.

Money is only a token used to make trade easier. Coins and bullion merely represent bales of merchandise, beasts, fowls or food.

Barter still exists under this guise, and not only luxuries are exchanged, but necessities are in a still larger degree. For instance, take Great Britain. The amount of food grown in the whole country in a month will only feed the people for twelve days! We therefore have to purchase three-fifths of our food supply from abroad in order to live. The goods, or their value in money, to pay for this import, have to be produced by the people of our nation, or we should starve. The population of this island is so great per square

mile that even if all arable land was put into cultivation it would not feed the inhabitants.

Another point in the Socialist idea—the principle of association instead of competition—sounds very attractive, but is again foiled by the defects of human nature. The State running of works, factories and lines of steamers has been tried in different countries, and has invariably failed. Witness the attempts made in Australia of State railways and shipping lines, both of which ended in disaster. The State-owned shipping of France and the U.S.A. were also a great financial loss, while Russia is an example that we have had painfully before our eyes during the last ten years. Even Italy attempted it and failed.

Waste of Capital

Government-run institutions have a smaller output than private firms for the above reasons. The problem is how to make the greatest number of people prosperous and happy.

Let us tabulate our deductions :—

1. Unless human nature can be changed, and brains and muscles standardised, it is obvious that some people will get ahead of others, unless every man's output is limited by law.

2. If the output is limited and competition done away with inside our country, we cannot produce and sell in the world's markets in competition with other countries.

3. Unless we can export and sell in the world market, we cannot get food and raw materials from other countries in order to feed our people.

4. In order to keep up the standard of living and improve the comforts of everyone, we must get rid of unemployment, which costs the country an enormous amount in doles and is a huge waste of the real capital of the country, the work of the people.

How is this to be done?

Not by Socialism, for the success of that theory depends on the entire alteration of human character and brain. We must deal with things fundamentally *as they are*.

Which System ?

We are the greatest nation in the world, and can develop trade amongst ourselves. The Dominions can supply nearly all the necessities that we require. If we trade more with them, they will also take our surplus people to meet the expansion which will follow the increased business. This will eventually do away with unemployment, which is another way of saying it will increase the capital of the country and remove the drain on the dole.

Labour-saving devices should be instituted everywhere, for they make production cheaper, and more articles come within the range of the purses of the poorer people. It is short-sighted and wrong to say that a certain properly calculated amount of labour-saving devices reduces the amount of labour used, for if these devices are installed in proper proportion a greater market is

obtained by the increase of the output, more money is made, and the works are extended and more people employed, because the goods so made can be sold at a cheaper price in the world's market.

We will have to make up our minds which of the following systems we are going to adopt in order to keep our nation on its legs. One of these arrangements may suit certain businesses, and one of the others may benefit factories of a different kind. Common sense has to decide which.

1. When making articles in competition with countries outside the British Empire and the United States of America, wages would have to be reduced or hours of labour increased. With regard to this, a system is being tried out in the U.S.A. of having four different shifts of workers extending over the whole twenty-four hours, each shift working six hours. This increases the number of people employed, and more work proportionately is done in a six-hour shift than in an eight-hour one. In addition, the overhead charges are less in proportion than when the working day continues for twenty-four hours instead of seven or eight hours.

2. Certain industries which are in competition with countries of a much lower standard of living should be given up and others substituted for them. For instance: it does not appear that Lancashire can compete with Japan in producing cotton goods, unless an arrangement is made with our own Dominions and Colonies by which they will agree to take our cotton goods at a higher price than those of Japan. If this arrangement cannot be made, it would be better that Lancashire should construct factories for the carbonisation of coal and the hydrogenation of coal-products for Great Britain, the Dominions, China and possibly other countries, as Professor Walker has shown.

3. More tariffs against foreign goods that are also produced in the Empire, and an increase of preferential treatment between countries who have the same standard of living: the British Dominions and the United States of America.

Co-partnership

Palliatives like doles are of no use. They are only injurious. Whatever is done must be founded on experience, and experience shows that competition and increased employment (with the consequent increase of productions of goods with which to barter) is the only royal road to progress. This will come through co-partnership, increased Empire inter-trade, and a check put on the immigration of useless aliens. To make the people see and understand this, much instruction is needed. Arguments with a starving man are of no avail, but the greatest number of people in the country, and all the children, can be taught how to prevent starvation and how to give birth to prosperity; but unless the lesson is taught, and taught soon, we shall learn the truth of King Solomon's dictum: "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

England and the Baltic

The German Threat to British Interests

By Robert Machray

IMPORTANT dispatches in our Press from Helsingfors, Riga, Berlin, Moscow and elsewhere draw particular attention once more to the problem of what is now phrased as the "Security of the Baltic," but used to be known in high politics as the "Baltic question." This at bottom is simply the question: Is the Baltic to remain a sea open to trade and commerce, or to become closed—*mare clausum*? British interests are determinedly opposed to the second alternative, which, however, is and has long been the aim, openly or secretly, of Germany.

Before the Great War, the Baltic littoral was shared by Russia, Germany, Sweden and Denmark, and the sea was free to shipping, but during the War the Baltic, owing to the military and naval predominance of Germany in the whole of that area, was converted into what was practically a German lake, and all vessels which were not German or Germanic were excluded from it.

Breaking from Russia

In 1917-18 the Russian débâcle provided the opportunity to certain countries which fronted on the Baltic of breaking away from Russia and of proclaiming their independence. They eventually achieved it, but only after the defeat of Germany. As late as the autumn of 1918 these new or new-old States—Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania—were actually in the hands of Germany or subject to her influence. It did look for all the world as if the Baltic was indeed a German lake.

After the Armistice, some time elapsed before Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania were entirely free from Germany's armed forces—Finland was rid of them earlier, but her political point of view regarding Germany was then different from theirs. For some years Germany did not trouble them much; perchance she contented herself with the policy of peaceful penetration, not without an eye to the future, however. In those days the chief preoccupation of the Baltic States was Soviet Russia; they were afraid of her, and did their utmost to propitiate her by harbour and railway concessions.

Another factor in the situation was the rebirth and rise into political and economic significance of Poland, who, owing to her possession of the "Corridor," was once more a Baltic State, though her part of the littoral was small. Her geographical position was not favourable, as the bulk of her territory lay between Russia and Germany, her historical enemies. But she had defeated the Soviet in 1920, and was able to take a firm attitude in dealing with it.

Poland's main concern was Germany, who carried on an economic war against her which she countered more or less successfully in various ways—the chief being her Baltic trade, which showed continued expansion. German clamour

against the Poles never ceased, and Poland replied, in part, by building Gdynia, a really great new port on the Baltic, to offset the passionate Germanism of Danzig, which the Germans identified with the whole question of the "Corridor."

Such, in brief outline, was the position of the Baltic question up to, say, two years ago: there were disturbing elements, but it could not be said to be acute. Shipping was perfectly free—as it, of course, still is. But the political aspect of the question has undergone a tremendous change. The first sign of it was seen in 1932 when the Soviet signalled the withdrawal of its hostility to the Baltic States and Poland by concluding with them a series of non-aggression pacts, the reason at the moment being the Japanese threat to Vladivostok and all Eastern Asia.

The second sign came last year, when Moscow in hot haste signed further non-aggression pacts, with a definition of an aggressor covering every possibility, partly no doubt with Japan in view, but much more because of the menace incarnated in Hitler and his programme of political, racial and economic Imperialism, including both "colonisations" in Russia and Baltic dominion.

Those Cries of "Peace"

As everybody knows, Herr Hitler is now flooding the world with pacific assurances. He poses as the Apostle of Peace. The controlled German press and the other resources of Dr. Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda, with its immense funds, have been mobilised in support of the "Leader's" great peace offensive.

But it has not taken in the Soviet Government, as Litvinoff told the Soviet Central Executive Committee at a recent session. He said quite frankly that, while German Ministers denied Pan-German aims, men occupying responsible posts in Germany proclaimed them without any concealment, conquests in the "East" and the dominance of the Baltic being well to the front. Hence the reports now current that the Soviet and Poland are seeking an alliance with Finland and the Baltic States against German expansionism.

What is England's attitude? For centuries the British have been deeply interested in the Baltic trade. Its volume has varied as times have changed. In the Middle Ages, before the discovery of America, it was of immense importance to England. In those days its centres were the cities of the Hanseatic League on the Baltic, with Danzig in the lead. Elizabeth destroyed the Hansa, but the Baltic trade went on. In modern times it has had its ups and downs, but has seldom been insignificant; it certainly is not insignificant to-day, and its preservation, to say nothing of its enlargement, is well worth our while.

Socialist Peers

Lord Passfield

*(A man whose eloquence has power
To clear the fullest house in half an hour.)*

WEBB, SIDNEY, L.S.I. (LORD PASSFIELD). Born London, 1859. Educated in London, Switzerland and Germany. Served in Civil Service and as Surveyor of Taxes, lecturer on Political Economy, etc., London University. Founder of London School of Economics and Political Science, which has always been a centre of Socialistic teaching. Was a founder of the Fabian Society of 1884, and has been a persistent pursuer of its policy of penetration into the Civil Service and among the people of Socialist teaching.

Super-Nationalism

The aim of the Fabians is "the organisation of Society by the emancipation of land and industrial capital from individual and class ownership, and the vesting of them in the community for the general benefit." This ideal is known as State Socialism, in distinction from Guild-Socialism, Syndicalism, Communism and Anarchism, the other well-known modifications of Socialism. The membership was 2,800 in 1913, and propaganda is by lectures and publications; a recent book issued was "Socialist Commonwealth," by Mr. and Mrs. Webb. Through its members it has influenced the I.L.P. and the corruption of trade union officials from industrial objects to political activities. Many members have from time to time deserted the society for more advanced sections of Socialism.

8 March, 1915.—Mr. Webb, addressing a meeting, said: "Pacificism and Internationalism—to the extent of smoothing down national differences—was dead, in his opinion, and what would have to follow was super-nationalism. There should be a Super-National Council, a sort of armed policeman to keep them in order, or else the nations would all be arming to the teeth."

29 August, 1915, wrote in the *Labour Leader*:—"The first and most essential of the terms of peace should be a Super-National Authority constituted by the forty-five independent Sovereign States of the world; with a Super-National Legislature; and a Super-National High Court, to make the necessary Common Rules and decide all disputes."

March, 1918.—Mr. Harold Cox wrote: "The British Bolshevik party, astutely led by Messrs. Henderson, MacDonald, and Sidney Webb, are again active. It has organised a fresh Socialist conference in London, into which it had hoped to entrap delegates from the United States. This design has been upset by the blunt common sense of our American Allies. Mr. Gompers, president

of the American Federation of Labour, has telegraphed that his Executive Council unanimously declare: 'We cannot meet with representatives of those who are allied against us in this world-war for freedom.' That is the essence of the whole matter.

"The little gang of International Socialists who draw their doctrines from Karl Marx are unable to understand that when one's country is at war it is a form of treason to carry on private negotiations with citizens of an enemy country . . . their whole mentality has been warped by the creed of International Socialism. . . . Before the war the principal apostles of this creed were the German Socialists. . . . Since the war the first place in the hierarchy of International Socialism has passed to the Russians. . . . These are the men with whom Messrs. Henderson, Sidney Webb and MacDonald are hand in glove.

"It was a combination of Russian and British Bolsheviks which attempted to organise the Stockholm Conference, where tame German Socialists, dispatched thither by the Kaiser, were to be embraced by their Russian and British brothers. This unholy alliance between the British Labour Party and Russian Bolshevism is still in active operation. In place of this legally constituted and democratic Government, the Socialists propose to set up some organisation of their own on a limited class basis, which is to dictate to the nation on what terms it shall make peace or war."

June, 1918.—Mr. Webb published a letter in the extreme Radical paper, the *New Republic*, asking for American support for the campaign chest of the Labour Party, which wanted an election fund of £100,000. His plea for cash was based on the argument that: "In all Europe the policy of the United States has found its most cordial support not in the Governments, but in the Labour movement of the Allied nations at the instigation and largely through the British Labour Party." The selected candidates for the election referred to were mostly Defeatists anxious to secure good terms for Germany, and hoping that Mr. Wilson would be of their way of thinking.

The Highest Authority

It is another illustration of the persistent activity of a few thousand "intellectuals" and revolutionaries in the pursuit of the International Socialist policy by the unwarranted use of the title of "Labour": a policy in opposition to the real desires of the working men, as well as of all classes in this country. By June, 1918, the Eng-

lish Pacifists were disgusted with President Wilson's policy, because he had been educated by events to the knowledge that defeat of Germany was the essential to any permanent peace.

It was pointed out by a correspondent of the *Morning Post* that "Mr. Webb knows as well as any man that the policy for which MacDonald, Snowden and Smillie stand is not the policy of Mr. Wilson." His co-pacifist, Mr. Philip Snowden, was at the time abusing President Wilson in the *Labour Leader*, and saying: "To-day he is probably the greatest individual obstacle to peace." *The Nation* of 3 August referred to the "American tendency towards a long war and extreme terms."

21 February, 1922.—Mr. Webb said at a meeting of the University of London Labour Party: "I won't give away at present the number of Bishops who are members of the Labour Party, but we have for years had a definite number of the Bench of Bishops who are members."

May, 1923.—Mr. Webb was put on the Administrative Committee of the Labour and Socialist International (Socialistische Arbeiter Internationale) formed in Hamburg, to which the British

Labour Party is affiliated, and the decisions of which "in all international questions are binding on its affiliated bodies." The L.S.I. in the *Labour Year Book* is described as "not only an effective instrument in peace, but just as absolutely essential during war. In conflicts between nations the International shall be recognised as the highest authority." The great object is "the establishment of the Socialist Commonwealth . . . by means of the class struggle." On taking Cabinet rank with a Government, members of the L.S.I. must resign from any executive position, but the Labour Party remains pledged to its affiliation.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb have served on innumerable Commissions and Committees of Inquiry on social and political subjects; and they hold the championship cups for both "singles" and "Doubles" in Minority Report writing.

He was raised to the peerage in 1929 as Lord Passfield, and was Secretary of State for the Dominions and the Colonies, June, 1929, to May, 1930. He was Minister for the Colonies till 1931.

(From "Potted Biographies," Boswell Publishing Co.)

Our Faked— —Prime Minister

IMPEAR/LIST-HOOEY.

It is impossible to respect the present Government, because it does not respect itself. It is supposed to represent three parties, and it doesn't represent one. I had supposed there was some limit to the personal vanity of Mr. MacDonald, but there is none. Fancy the Prime Minister of Great Britain submitting his face to be greased by the film producer's paint in order that he may look younger! It is a sufficient outrage to the taste of the present generation of gaping clowns that these greased and painted mimes should amass fortunes "beyond the dreams of avarice"; but that the Premier should join their ranks is too much, and that he should allow himself to be portrayed in the popular press in the attitude of a man being shaved is, if possible, worse. I wonder how much, in current coin of the realm, the woolly headed politician who rules us receives for this exhibition.

HOOEY

A.A.B.

Point to Points

Advice to Young Sportsmen

By David James

THE first half of the hunting season has already passed and you who have been content so far to limit your speed to that of the hounds, perhaps even to watch them working, will be turning your thoughts towards that field of endeavour where your enjoyment will not be affected by the vagaries of scent and where more personal laurels may be won.

You will not have to delay long the necessary preparations for those sporting contests which will round off the season. The first of January has come and gone and the majority of such races are closed to horses which have been in a training stable since that date. We will assume, then, that your champion has left the professional establishment for your own or that you have embarked upon the daring enterprise of supervising his entire preparation yourself.

You have by now naturally made yourself acquainted with the rules of Point to Points. They must be run over at least three miles of fair hunting country and the entries must have a certificate from a Master of Hounds that they have been fairly hunted during the season. It is up to you to see that these requirements are complied with.

Engaging a Groom

First as regards your own horse. It will be very desirable to engage a groom who is "accustomed to point-to-pointers." He should be light, for it would never do to overweight your ex-flat racer during the rigours of the chase to which it will be subjected. He will probably wear white leggings which stop short a full three inches above the ankle and which, combined with his shortened stirrups, will at least make him look the part.

So much for the looks of your lad; now for his qualifications. He must, of course, know the master by sight, otherwise he will not by a dexterous manoeuvre be able to place your gently trotting animal in front of this potentate's eyes during a check in a ringing hunt. For the same reason he should also be able to pick out the secretary.

He will naturally, being accustomed to point-to-pointers, realise that present hunting conditions are the reverse of fair, that galloping through the deep fields will spoil his charge's action, and that the true sport of hunting does not involve any attempt at negotiating those hairy pitfalls and unyielding obstacles which lower class animals, ridden by reckless thrusters, are unthoughtfully presented at. Such leaping practice as may be necessary will, of course, be carried out on the training ground, on whose firm and even going all fast work will also take place.

But there are other and even more delicate

matters to be attended to before it can be said that you have done your duty to the farmers for whose sole entertainment the point-to-point is to take place. You must bear in mind that you are a sportsman, which means that you throw your whole heart and soul into your recreation. Your object, then, is not merely to ride in the race but to make as certain as possible that you win it.

To do this you must leave no stone unturned to see that the course is suited to your mount. You will probably find that opinion in the hunt is divided on this point. There will be the old school who, forgetting in a most unsporting manner their obligations to the farmers, will press for a number of hazardous obstacles which could only result in the most distressing reversals of form and in the triumph of those unworthy competitors whose peculiar fondness for being near hounds has proved that they have not the true interests of racing at heart.

Entertainment for Farmers

On the other side there will be those who, like yourself, realise that the whole object of the meeting is for the entertainment of the farmers and that the better the class of the animals competing the better will these gentlemen be amused. They, with their judgment and experience, will declare that the natural fences of the country are totally unsuited to the pace at which the races will be run. They will advocate the filling in of ditches, the abolition of lanes, and the complete excavation of banks, for which light, brushwood fences will be substituted.

You will, of course, lose no time in joining the latter party, after which by a series of intrigues and manipulations which experience alone can teach you, you will get yourself appointed to the committee or, better still, made clerk of the course. You will thus be able to ensure that the conditions under which the competitors risk their necks are straightforward and proper, that the right horse wins, and that the farmers, wondering whether they are watching hurdle races at Sandown or Kempton, thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Lest you think that I have expected too much of you let me hasten to assure you that you will be amply repaid for your devotion and self sacrifice. On the Monday before Ascot, your trusty steed, sold as a good hunter and frequent winner, will command an admiring crowd round the boxes and a high price at the subsequent auction. And even if it should fall into the unsympathetic hands of some creature who expects it to demean itself by ploughing through the muddy fields and tackling cut and laid banks, open water, or upstanding timber you will console yourself by the thought that, after all, you cannot be responsible for the vagaries of others.

God Save the King

God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King.

Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

O Lord our God ! arise
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall !

CONFFOUND THEIR POLITICS,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,

On Thee our hopes we fix—IMPEARILISM
 God save us all ! *MEANS. WAR. AND THIS.
 GOD SHOULD BE NEUTRAL.*

Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour ;
 Long may he reign !

May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause,
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King !

His Majesty the King, Or—



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—Sir Stafford Cripps?

SERIAL The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world.

TO-DAY even the most optimistic would hardly maintain that the League has fulfilled the hopes that gathered around it at its birth, or justified the immense sums spent on it. As the guardian of the world's peace, its impotence will only be seen if the nations bent on war again muster their forces in a determined attack on the peoples who have surrendered their means of defence. Then, amidst the roll of drums and the roar of cannon, the house of cards so laboriously constructed on the shores of Lac Léman will fall, not with a crash, but with the flutter of innumerable scraps of paper, silently to the ground.

The Surrender of Swaraj

It would be outside the scope of this book to enter on the vast question of Imperial relations all over the world—with Canada, Australia, South Africa and the other Dominions colonised by the Anglo-Saxon race. The aspect of the situation that concerns us here is the attempt to undermine the Empire by agitation amongst the indigenous populations under British rule in Eastern countries, particularly by the agents of Soviet Russia.

Coo-coo-Bird.

At the point where the Indian question was last touched on—the date of the resignation of Mr. Montagu in 1922—Nationalist agitation seemed to have been brought to an end by the firm action of Lord Lloyd in suppressing sedition and arresting Gandhi. The "reforms" introduced by the Montagu-Chelmsford régime—the establishment of Provincial Councils, enlargement of the National Assembly, etc.—were thenceforth carried out according to plan, and no pretext was offered for renewing the campaign of Satyagraha or Non-Co-operation.

But in the background Moscow was watching and maturing its plans for the overthrow of British rule in India.

The principal agent of the Bolsheviks was a certain Bengali Brahmin, Manabendra Nath Roy, who had been arrested in India for revolutionary activities during the early part of the War. In 1915 Roy absconded from his bail, and made his way to the Far East and from there to America. In 1920 he left Mexico and entered the Eastern department of the Komintern. Together with Sheffik and Ashtaria, he represented India at the Second World Congress of the Third International in Moscow in August, 1920, on which occasion he submitted a thesis in which these words occur :

England—the bulwark of Imperialism—has been suffering from over-production for more than a century. Without large colonial possessions indispensable as a

market for her goods and at the same time supplying her with raw materials, the capitalist régime in England would have long ago succumbed under its own weight. . . . The separation of the colonies, together with the proletarian revolution at home, will overthrow the capitalist régime in Europe. . . . In most colonies there exist now organised revolutionary parties working in close contact with the working masses. The Communist parties must get in touch with the revolutionary movement in the colonies through these parties and groups, etc.¹

In a manifesto to the Indian National Congress two years later Roy put forward a completely Marxist view and showed how the Nationalist movement was to be utilised for the purpose :

The struggle of the Indian people for freedom is an integral part of the struggle of the international proletariat against capitalist domination, in that its success would break down one of the strongholds of capitalism. The revolutionary Nationalists of India should therefore, not only join hands with the Indian workers and the peasants, but should establish close relations with the advanced proletariat of the world. The Communists will fight side by side with the revolutionary Nationalists, and will be found always in the front ranks.²

This plan for the destruction of British power in India had, as has been shown earlier in this book, been actively pursued by Germany during the War, and still in 1921 the activities of German agents were almost indistinguishable from those of Moscow. It is not without significance to find that, after his return to Europe, Roy ended by taking up his abode in Germany, and eventually became head of the Berlin Bureau for Bolshevik propaganda in the East.

The Cawnpore Conspiracy

By 1924 Communism had made sufficient headway for an Indian Communist Party to be established at Cawnpore, and in the Spring of the same year the first evidence of its activities was discovered in what was known as the "Cawnpore Conspiracy," in which four men—Muzaffar Ahmed, Usmani, Dange and N. K. Gupta—were found to be plotting with Roy to bring about revolution in India. It is noteworthy that Mr. Richards, Under-Secretary for India under the Labour Government of that date, stated in Parliament :

I would like to make it clear that the accused persons are not being prosecuted merely for holding Communist views or carrying on Communist propaganda. They are charged with having conspired to secure by violent revolution the complete separation of India from Imperialistic Britain, and in that endeavour they formed and attempted to make use of a Workers' and Peasants' Association in India.³

¹ *Stenographic Report of the Second Congress of the Komintern*, pp. 122-6.

² *Morning Post*, March 28, 1925.

³ Debate in Parliament, May 19, 1924.

SERIAL

It was therefore interesting to find that the subscription list for the defence of the conspirators stood in the name of a leading member of the Labour Party.

The *tendresse* entertained for the disciples of the Bolsheviks in India by certain of the Labour Party was further evinced in the following year. Roy, now leader of the Indian Communist Party, had been expelled from France for his revolutionary activities, and a meeting of protest was held in Paris at which Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., was present to represent the British Socialists.²

From 1926 to 1927 Communism became more active in India. In December, 1925, the first All-India Communist Conference was held in Madras under the presidency of Singaravelu, one of the accused in the Cawnpore Conspiracy Case. In 1926 a number of so-called "Workers' and Peasants' Parties," in reality entirely Bolshevik organisations, were started by a certain George Allison, alias Donald Campbell, a member of the British Communist Party. Allison was followed by Philip Spratt, a Cambridge graduate and member of the C.P.G.B. and Minority Movement, who arrived in Bombay in December, 1926, as a delegate from the Labour Research Department, and helped to carry on the work of organising the Workers' and Peasants' Parties. A further emissary from England was Benjamin Francis Bradley, a member of the A.E.U. (Amalgamated Engineering Union), who arrived in Bombay in September, 1927.

Another Plot

On November 1 following, a widespread plot, known as the Deoghar Conspiracy, was discovered, having again for its object the overthrow of the British Raj by means of armed revolution. The conspiracy, carried out by twenty youths, mostly Bengalis, proved not to be formidable, but it was symptomatic of the forces at work. The serious results of revolutionary propaganda were not seen until the following year of 1928, when a series of strikes took place. This began in April with strikes in the Bombay mills, in the Howrah and Lilloah railway workshops, and later on the South Indian Railway. In July the Bardoli No-tax Campaign was carried out by Vallabhai Patel.

This agitation, though ostensibly industrial, was directly inspired by Communist agents. Spratt took an active part both in the Lilloah railway strike and the jute workers' strike in Bengal. Bradley became the treasurer of the Joint Strike Committee during the Bombay textile strike. In September H. L. Hutchinson, another British Communist, arrived from Germany and was made Vice-President of the Great India Peninsula Railwaymen's Union. He was also elected a Vice-President of the *Girni Kamgar* or Red Flag Union, a new Bolshevik organisation formed during the Bombay textile strike under the presidency of A. A. Alwe, a textile operative,

which by the end of the year was said to comprise 60,000 members.

Meanwhile money had been sent continually from Moscow to the strike leaders; in May it was publicly announced that £1,575 had been sent through the Deutsche Bank in Berlin to N. M. Joshi, President of the Bombay Textile Union, to finance the mill strike, and Joshi admitted that this was not the first sum he had received. In August a sum of £5,500 was sent by Tomsky; on September 5, S. H. Jhabwalla, leader of the Bombay mill strike, received £1,000 from Moscow. Help was also sent to Mitra, the Communist leader of the Calcutta railway strike. According to the Indian paper, *The Statesman*, nine-tenths of the total income of the Indian Trades Union Congress in the preceding year came from Moscow. *The Statesman* confessed itself puzzled as to the policy of the British Government in allowing Soviet Russia to remit these sums through British banks in order to foment agitation. At the same time, it should be noted that contributions were also sent to the Lilloah strikers by the I.F.T.U. (International Federation of Trade Unions at Amsterdam) and to the Howrah strikers by the British T.U.C., so that once again Communists and Socialists were seen to be acting in concert.

At last the Government of India was roused to action. Roy, who in the Spring of the preceding year had been in Hankow helping to stir up revolution in China, at the end of the year addressed a manifesto to the Central Committee of the Indian Communist Party, calling on them to conduct propaganda amongst the peasants and workers in order to overthrow Capitalism in India. This inflammatory discourse was published on August 18, 1928, whilst the strike movement was at its height, and on August 24 the Government announced its intention of dealing with the Communist menace by a Public Safety Bill, under which Bolshevik agents, other than Indian or British subjects, should be deported. This very moderate measure, though solidly supported by the Moslems in the Legislative Assembly, was opposed by the Hindus, dominated by the Pandit Motilal Nehru, and was finally rejected by the casting vote of the President, Vithalbai Javerbai Patel, brother of Vallabhai Patel, leader of the Bardoli No-tax Campaign. The Bill was not passed until matters had reached a further stage and several acts of violence had been committed—the attempt to blow up the train conveying the Simon Commission from Bombay to Poona, on October 7 of the same year; a furious riot of cotton mill strikers in Bombay on December 12, in which three native constables were killed; the murder of Mr. Saunders, Assistant Superintendent of Police, four days later at Lahore, where a bomb factory was discovered.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28; Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25; Dec. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Jan. 6.

² *Morning Post*, March 28, 1925.

A Cavalryman's Ghost Story

By F. J. Dee

IN the back room of the "Golden Lion" at Yexford in Devon, the evening had been spent in yarning, as was perhaps natural on Christmas Eve.

The usual privileged circle had gathered there. I say privileged, because one could not just casually drift into the little room behind the bar at the "Golden Lion." Years of residence, and the "tongue of good report" amongst the celebrities of Yexford, plus the invitation of mine host, burly John Jennings, had to be achieved before the freedom of the august assemblage was granted.

A retired Inspector of the Metropolitan Police, the local Vet., the Doctor's assistant, the huntsman to the Yexford Vale Foxhounds and an ex-Cavalry R.S.M. were the leading lights present on this occasion, and the old soldier had the floor.

"It was in the days of long ago" he was saying, "Bobs" of blessed memory was C.-in-C., and the cavalry were cavalry, and not mixtures of spurs, tanks and God knows what else as some of 'em are to-day.

Good riding, swordsmanship, and an ability to turn out man and horse spick and span, in any order, counted for promotion in those days, and of these merits riding came an easy first. A good man "upstairs" was thought more of than a first class shot.

The Scarlet Hussars, my old regiment, were lying at the time I speak of in a rotten little one-eyed station called Stowburn in Yorkshire. The troops loathed the place, its only redeeming feature, in the eyes of a keen cavalryman, being the fact that within easy reach of barracks was a large stretch of downs, over which you could gallop for miles, on good going.

Rabbit holes were a bit of a nuisance, but our C.O. at that time, Lt.-Colonel Sir Philip Leathern, D.S.O., a rare decoration then, needed more than a few rabbit holes to stop his hussars when he got 'em going.

Well, one day old Leathers as we called him, was giving us a proper twisting at Regimental Drill. He had a particular liking for starting off from "Mass" into "Line of Squadron Column" at the gallop, and so on through the whole of the drill evolutions, and some that wasn't in the book as well. The pace would get faster and faster, until every man had to ride his damndest in order not to sacrifice the name of the regiment for really good fast work. "Elan" the old man called it.

I was riding next to the Centre Guide of my troop in "A" Squadron who was a corporal named Tufton.

We had just come out of "Column of Troops" and were galloping like hell at a right incline to take our place in Line when poor Tufton's horse went over a proper purler. These things happen so damn quick that you've no time to think, but I looked down and instinctively jammed both

hooks into my mare, which she didn't deserve, God bless her, to make her jump the fallen and struggling man and horse beneath us, and I know we never touched either of them. My mare Dolly was too clever for that. The rear troops must have opened out, because when we were halted and had a chance to look round, both man and horse were lying quite still where they had fallen.

The Doctor and the Veterinary Officer were already galloping to the spot, closely following the Colonel, and the R.S.M. was detailing a section of men from the right flank squadron in case they should be needed. We were sitting at ease about a hundred and fifty yards from the scene, and could see both professional men examining man and horse.

When we saw the Doctor rise, and withdrawing his handkerchief from his sleeve, cover the face of the prostrate man, we knew the worst had happened. Another proof of the old saying that a horseman's grave is always open. A surprising feature was that the Farrier-Major who had joined the group had not performed the sad duty of giving the *coup-de-grace* to the troop horse, so we concluded that death had been mercifully instantaneous in each case.

We were dismounted and allowed to stand easy and smoke for a while, whilst the Colonel issued the necessary orders consequent upon the tragic affair.

The Corporal and three men were detailed to stand by the bodies, and the Colonel's orderly was despatched at the gallop to fetch the ambulance for their removal.

Now for the point of my story.

When we got the order to mount, my troop Officer, Mr. Langston, ordered me to take up Centre Guide. Now Dolly was perhaps the finest horse I have ever put a leg over, and, as I broke and trained her, I knew the mare from her frogs up. I had never known her refuse anything I had asked of her, but when I tried to get her into that vacant place in the centre of the troop, she damn near went wild. The mare was frightened, and circled, passed and bucked like a mad thing to avoid going into that blank file. As she fought me, although I was pretty busy with her, I began to notice both horses on the flanks of the Centre Guide's place beginning to get uneasy, and in a short while they were as bad as Dolly. Horse after horse was tried, even horses from the other squadrons, but not one would face it.

The Colonel after watching all this for some time tried to put his charger "Redwing" into the vacant place, and if ever there was a perfectly trained horse in the service "Redwing" was it. He proved as stubborn as the rest of 'em and after a while the old man said to our Squadron leader,

"Alright Major Lester, get 'em on the move. Give them a little Squadron drill, perhaps that will help take their minds off this. Poor horses,

they're all badly frightened." If any man understood horses and had a soft spot in his heart for 'em old Sir Phil. did.

Well we moved off, and things went alright when we were in Column, but when we turned into Troop or Squadron Line and I tried to put poor Dolly up into the centre guide's place she'd go as mad as a march hare. We tried this with horses that had not been tested previously, but always with the same result—another terrified horse. This weird experience began to tell on me after a bit, the more especially as I began to sense that there was actually SOMETHING in that blank file.

It was a fine sunny day and it seemed to me that occasionally I'd catch a glimpse of the shadowy form of a man and horse there. I tried to put this dreadful thought behind me, but without success. Indeed my efforts to overcome the idea only made the vision more clear. Then I noticed that the men on either side of the blank file, whenever we formed line, were riding wide. A look at their faces convinced me that they, too, as well as their horses, could see the phantom I saw. Presently the troop leader turned in his saddle, and I guess what he saw on all our faces, made him halt the troop and gallop up to Major Lester, and speak to him.

The Major at once moved over to the C.O., and after a short conversation came back to us, and moved us off in sections, to join the regiment which then started for barracks.

We passed the little group in the middle of the space we had been working over when the tragedy occurred, and paid those two still forms the tribute of "Eyes Right" whilst each officer's hand came to the salute, and so the regiment left them to follow us home later, poor souls.

Now, that is not all. Poor Tufton was found to have suffered a broken neck, and so had his horse. The Corporal was buried with all honours, three days later, and the Colonel's charger "Redwing" took the place of the horse who went West with the dead non-commissioned officer.

I don't know what you fellows think of the Supernatural, and I know little of the subject myself. The experience I have just recounted to you, was all I wanted at the time and the passing years have not made me any more curious.

Nevertheless it is the fact that ever afterwards whilst we lay at Stowburn, whenever we drilled on those downs, no horse was ever ridden by any man in the regiment into the centre guide's place in my troop of "A" Squadron. Many horses were tried with good men up, but no man ever had the heart to try a horse twice, and no man ever volunteered for the experience a second time.

I shall never forget this. I cannot explain it. I have told you the truth. In corroboration of my story you may be interested to know that to this day the centre guide's place in No. 2 troop "A" Squadron, Scarlet Hussars is always kept vacant.

The Future of the Giant Express Liner White Elephants that will Eat the Taxpayer's Money

SO much public attention has recently been drawn to the subject of fast giant liners that it seems desirable to arrive at some conclusion as to the position which such means of communication are likely to hold in the future.

We live in an age of science and invention—an era of speed. Wireless telegraphy is already ceding some of its field to wireless telephony, and television is daily coming nearer to being a practical commercial proposition.

The conquest of the Atlantic by aeroplane is an established fact, and already serious efforts are in hand to capitalise the experimental work of the pioneers into a commercial undertaking, which will bring the U.S.A. within less than 36 hours of Europe.

The crossing of the Atlantic by airship is becoming a commonplace, and while the future development of this form of transport is still obscure, it is definitely already in a position to offer serious competition in the carriage of express mails. Every new invention tends to add further rapidity and convenience to our means of establishing personal contact with our friends or clients overseas.

Where, then, is the place of the fast giant liner in the scheme of future transatlantic communications?

The enormous cost of keeping such a vessel idle in port during the loading and discharging of cargo precludes the carriage of any considerable quantities of freight, her field of utility lies in the transportation of mail and passengers—and it is this very field which science is now beginning to attack from the air with increasing force.

The development of the faster aerial services cannot fail to make increasing inroads upon her mail carryings and the important voyage earnings from this source.

The effect of progressive scientific research upon the passenger movement is perhaps a little more difficult to envisage, but certain definite tendencies which will undoubtedly arise seem clearly marked.

A very large proportion of the travellers who choose speed, and are ready to pay for it, are business men to whom time is money. It is to these people that the rapid development and commercialisation of the wireless telephone and television is particularly important, and one cannot

avoid the conclusion that with their successful growth the need for crossing the Atlantic at express speed will largely disappear. Thus the amazing scientific inventions of our generation and the next appear to be producing competitors to the transatlantic greyhound which the advocates of the giant express liners will do well to heed.

Moreover, as the past twenty years have seen developments undreamt of by our forefathers—is it not reasonable to assume that science may

give us further surprises during the 25 years life of a vessel built to-day?

If, therefore, national pride demands that we should now build ships fast enough to recapture for Great Britain the Blue Riband and the international prestige that goes with it, let us curb sentiment with commonsense and refrain from producing giant "White Elephants" whose increasing empty space will be paid for by the taxpayers' money.

Mr. Hubert Foss Discusses Music Mechanisation and the Artist

By Herbert Hughes

FEWER concerts—and more music than ever. This is one of the myriad aspects of the present musical situation that Mr. Hubert Foss either deals with thoroughly or hints at lightly in his survey.* It is an aspect that has greatly worried the artisans and middlemen of music, as it has worried the artist—that is, the executant artist. Mr. Foss's own performance in this book is an interesting and engaging achievement for so young a man. His close association with an eminent publishing house (and what that has meant by way of international contacts on both sides of the Atlantic) and his experience of music-making, of propaganda and of journalism have given him first-hand knowledge of practically everything he discusses. In the trade of publishing he, no doubt, realises that it is possible to make mistakes, that (as someone remarked) any fool can spot a work of genius but that it requires genius to detect a third-rate work.

At this time of day it is fairly easy to spot the weaknesses of the International Society for Contemporary Music. It was just as easy, however, ten years ago, though to do so was to place oneself immediately in the ranks of prejudiced reactionaries. Says Mr. Foss: "The creation of a meeting ground for the exchange of new music of all sorts and countries came to be recognised as an obvious necessity through the fact that after the War it was practically impossible for a young composer of any 'advanced tendencies' but of no repute, to find a hearing in his own country, much less in other countries: difficult enough for those with solid fame if their music were not of the conventional tradition. The Society was founded to provide that meeting-ground, and has been ably guided through eleven years, and almost as many towns and countries of meeting, by Professor Dent.

Every Attraction

Every attraction has been lent to the yearly Congresses—beauty of place, variety of music, the most excellent artists and orchestras. Yet the support of the public is so poor as to be almost negligible, and the Society is in danger of living on the very circle of people of which it is itself

composed." This is true, indeed; but it was foreseen at the beginning by more than one critic. Mr. Foss is on safe ground here, just as he has all the facts on his side when he discusses the death of the old ballad concerts, the arrival of the phonograph and the gramophone and the radio.

The incalculable increase of public interest in serious orchestral music has been obvious during the last decade, an interest greatly accelerated during the last three or four or five years with the perfecting of the microphone.

Mr. Foss puts the case for the B.B.C. as, of course, it must be put in all fairness, just daring to point out the danger of its almost monopolistic power of exclusion: selecting, discriminating, choosing carefully in the matter of "serious" music, and permitting almost anything to be broadcast that comes into the category of the "lowbrow." Here, again, Mr. Foss is on rock, safe as any house. His analyses of the work of contemporary composers from Elgar and Delius downwards are generally as fair as his comments on present-day conditions are pointed and well-informed.

A Difficult Task

It was a difficult if not an impossible task he set himself, to undertake such a survey; and the difficulty would certainly not have been less if he had postponed it until he had arrived at years of even greater discretion. One asks for an individual point of view, only (perhaps) to damn it at once. I am not, myself, always certain what his point of view really is, or (alternatively) what is his real point of view. I ask myself, for example, what he means when he says on p. 129 that Stravinsky's "Octet for wind instruments was, in its day, a masterpiece and a novel one." If the novelty has worn off, must it perish as a masterpiece?

Again, in discussing a meeting of school orchestras in America, attended by "just over three hundred children" from thirty different States, he remarks that "distance was no object." I am left feebly wondering whether distance was not after all one of the chief objects of that romantic festival. Apparently the children had no objection.

* *Music in My Time*. Rich and Cowan.

New Novels Altogether Too Long

IN spite of Mr. Noel Coward and the other great names on the jacket of this book,* "Anthony Adverse" does not come up to expectations. The publishers make a great play of the value on offer : 1,272 pages of small print for 10s. 6d. : but its value would have been still greater if the number of pages had been reduced by a half. Not that it is a bad book ; far from it. The story is well sustained on the whole, but there are long passages where the writing is dull. Indeed, it would be silly to expect otherwise, for no author could write at this length without an occasional fall from the highest canons of literature.

The story concerns the adventures of Anthony Adverse in various parts of the world, his experiences and the people he meets. We find him in all conditions of fortune and can study his reactions to each and every one. He is worth the study, and there is a great deal of interest and, occasionally, amusement to be found. But the book as a whole conveys the impression of being too disconnected to hold the reader's attention throughout its inordinate length. I suspect that its great American sales were due more to the number of pages than to any actual merit in the story.

Miss Mitchell's book† is of average length in novels, but it also is unconvincing. The story is good, except for the extremely improbable ending, and it is written in a pleasantly flippant style. But why, after having taken great pains to draw an excellent character sketch of an ultra-sophisticated little French girl, Miss Mitchell should play her character false in this extraordinary fashion, is more than I could fathom. By every canon of breeding, heredity and taste, this novel should have ended in a villa at Nice instead of in the squalor of a peasant's hut in a forest. It seems the one false note in an otherwise good novel, though the exaggerated politeness of some of the conversation is just a little overdone. Still, "A Warning to Wantons" is well worth putting on your library list.

* *Anthony Adverse*. By Hervey Allen. Gollancz.
10s. 6d.

† *A Warning to Wantons*. By Mary Mitchell.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Sir John Fortescue From Stag Hunting to Windsor Castle

IT is seldom that the author of an autobiography can hold one's interest over such a wide field as stag hunting in Devonshire ; the Antilles ; New Zealand ; the Durbar, to which he accompanied Their Majesties, and the library at Windsor Castle ; yet the late Sir John Fortescue, historian of the British Army, has succeeded in doing this.*

A Tory of Tories, he has little use for democracy, yet few understood more sympathetically the psychology of the working classes.

Though his later duties involved him in a sedentary life, the country always held a warm place in his heart and, after a charming account of his boyhood on Exmoor, he paints a grim picture of the agricultural disasters of 1879.

Naturally the greater part of the book is concerned with Sir John's twenty years as librarian at Windsor, but he has managed to instil such life into the account of his duties as to make it readable even by those who care for none of such things, while the historian and antiquary must always be indebted to him.

From a perusal of the personal and State papers of George III, thirty-six boxes of which were secured while he was librarian, Sir John was able to unearth many facts about that monarch, hitherto unknown, among them his amazing industry until insanity and blindness overtook him.

"The best clerk in his dominions," Sir John called him ; for the King wrote everything with his own hand and kept no secretary. He also considers it proved that George III was not responsible for the loss of the American colonies.

Of James II Sir John remarks that he has gone through a great deal more of his departmental work than Macaulay ever did and sets him down as in the very first rank of departmental administrators.

Sir John was faced with a herculean task on his appointment. In addition to the books and manuscripts, thousands of which needed to be catalogued, he had charge of the jewels, ornaments, and prints. Of the latter, few were catalogued and many in danger of destruction. He had mounted no less than twelve thousand when the war intervened.

That his labour was a labour of love is obvious from the text and it is this enthusiasm that makes the book so readable. There are many interesting encounters with high personages and a vivid description of the pomp and lavish hospitality during state occasions in the first few years of this century.

L. L.

* *Author and Curator*. By Sir John Fortescue.
(Blackwood, 7s. 6d.).

"Two Little Maidens, All Unwary"

ONCE upon a time two little maids lived together at the bottom of a well, but they had mirrors which showed them all that was passing in the world, and they wrote down all they saw in treacle. Wasn't it a treacle well that Lewis Carroll once told Alice of ? And they loved each other so naturally and happily that they became one person called " Michael Field " and wrote lovely books and poems.

Perhaps they are forgotten now, but their Diary has survived and, though it is written in a rich, thickly-coloured medium, it is full of beauty, and

there are some very clever pictures of the men they watched passing by in the world of Letters. Some were famous then, and some have become famous since, and others of whom they wrote have simply faded away. For these dear little ladies lived in the 'Nineties, when England was a fairy story.

They wrote letters to Browning and Meredith and Ruskin, and were treated like sweet little schoolgirls by the great Masters. Browning was so kind to show them all his treasures, including the ninepenny book he had picked up in Florence out of which he had spun the Ring and the Book. And he gave them a theme which he had heard at Venice of three daughters who drowned themselves because their brother made love to their governess. And when Browning died, they attended the funeral and wrote a lovely description like a funeral-wreath which has lasted until to-day.

Other chapters are a record of the people who came into their lives: George Meredith, who did not come up to their glowing expectations, and Herbert Spencer and Oscar Wilde and John Ruskin. There are choice anecdotes or sayings, for they were busy collecting for posterity.

Herbert Spencer had just been helping the Japanese Ambassador to draw up a new Constitution. The Ambassador was assassinated on the day it came into force. Here is some colour: "We visit Oscar Wilde, being received by Mrs. Wilde in turquoise blue, white frills and amber stockings. Oscar wears a lilac shirt and heliotrope tie, a great primrose pink, very Celtic combination . . . *Bien-être* expands from Oscar's irradiated corpulence, from his mossy voice, the way his hands fall and move, and from his courteous eyes, where vivacity springs up round heaviness."

They meet George Moore and learn what a hindrance their sex must always be to women who seek expression in art: "If women seek to learn their art from life instead of what the angels bring down to them in dishes they simply get defamed." So it was in the 'Nineties. As for George Moore: "His smile is like sunshine on putty, his talk sticks to one with the intimate adhesiveness of the same." Another time he looks "white as a tree of silver salmons by the streams of Innisfree."

Yeats is one of the few living survivors from their pages:

He is dark, with a Dantesque face only not cut in Italian marble! His hair dribbles in a Postlethwaite manner on his brow! His eyes are abstract and fervid. The hands flap like flowerheads that grow on each side a stem and are shaken by the wind. At first the gesture spells one: then it irritates. . . We have some amusing glimpses of George Moore calling in a policeman to know if the law requires him to eat his landlady's omelette.

And Rudyard Kipling appears: "His eyes are caskets for things British. He is a Kitchener in soft stone. Rudyard Kipling's rabbit died on Monday, slain by Michael Field's Chow." And the Chow died, and in grief for the Chow Michael Field became a Catholic, and the book ends with a letter from Bishop-soldier Brindle and the coming of Vincent McNab, a flamboyant Friar with mediæval swiftness into their lives.

Works and Days. By Michael Field, Edited by T. Sturge Moore. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

British Art

At Burlington House

By PRINCE NICOLAS GALITZINE

IT is now becoming a tradition with the Royal Academy to hold a Winter exhibition of unusual art merit. In the past years Italian, French and Persian treasures were given a good deal of publicity, which aroused a considerable amount of appreciation, praise and interest among art-lovers. This year priceless British examples have been collected in Burlington House from every part of the world, and form a wonderfully representative Exhibition. However, with the usual English modesty, bordering on an inferiority complex where English art is concerned, the Private View was a very quiet one.

Naturally, painting predominates. The water colours in themselves are a unique group. Passing from one gallery to another, one realises why British Art has acquired such a big reputation for portraiture. Even the mediaeval, and certainly the early painters of the seventeenth century, such as Kneller and Dobson, were masters of posing and colour-scheme, able to impart to their aristocratic Whig and commercial middle-class subjects alike, a certain nobleness of features, a knack lost by the present-day portraitists.

A Bit of a Screw

The place of honour in the Great Hall is rightly occupied by a magnificent Gainsborough: "The Prince of Wales," depicted leaning against a favourite horse; incidentally, a very poor animal, badly drawn. A foot-note in the catalogue relates that His Highness presented the picture to Colonel St. Leger, and one rather wonders whether it had been a Royal joke.

In the same Gallery III., among the Reynolds and Constables, a vivid and precise view of the "Piazza della Signoria," by Thomas Patch, stands out in true Canaletto style, among the rather unimaginative monotone backgrounds of the late 18th century.

Gallery IV takes one back for some reason to an earlier period, where Hogarth and Richard Wilson betray a distinctly Dutch influence. Not far off is undisputedly one of the best pictures in the collection: Johann Zoffany's portrait of Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive, a beautiful study of gentle and picturesque old age in soft blues and creams. The clarity of its colouring is only rivalled by some of the Reynolds, that giant of English painting.

Sport is naturally well represented as a subject. A large canvas of the Quorn Hunt by Ferneley, although unfinished, is very effective, and no doubt Test players will examine with interest Francis Cotes's "Portrait of a Boy with a Bat." The latter is a most peculiar instrument, reminiscent of a hockey stick, while the wicket is a miniature gallows.

The Rear-Engined Car

Streamlining and Conditioned Air

By KAYE DON

(*Motoring Editor, Saturday Review*)

THE appearance of a Mercedes car of only 1300 c.c. with its engine at the rear brings up again the whole question of where the power unit is best placed.

The outstanding advantage to be gained is that the passengers sit in the best place from the springing point of view. The back seat passengers are brought between the front and rear wheels instead of having to sit over or even to overhang the rear axle.

This is obviously a great advantage. The first cars were influenced by the fact that draught animals have always pulled their vehicles and the convention that the motive power be in front is barely yet giving way.

It is interesting to note that the most modern of all forms of transport, the aeroplane, started with pusher engines. Independent four wheel springing is also a very definite feature of this type of layout because the design lends itself far more easily to it than the present conventional one.

The ease and smooth running of independent wheel springing is absolutely outstanding, but the American Franklin air cooled car is one of the very few which have stuck to it for a long period. The reasons no doubt for its non-adoption being the conservatism of manufacturers and the particularly great expense which experiments along these lines involve.

Body-Building Experiments

The inclusion of these and one or two other really new features are the high spots of the New York Motor Show. The American manufacturers are making the most intensive efforts to regain their export markets and the most readily noticeable characteristic about this year's models is the enormous attention paid to streamlining. Apart from the very great reduction in power required to move a car at a given speed when it is properly streamlined as opposed to when it is not, the question of aesthetics is now coming into its own as regards car bodies.

Actually, a motor car lends itself very readily to experiments in building bodies which shall have some beauty of line and the public are at least demanding vehicles which are beautiful.

The particular happy blend of proportion in the Rolls-Royce radiator is a case in point. It gives the impression of extreme "rightness" and it is unquestionable that this shape has been of great assistance in the progress which this machine has made.

In architecture a building should look right for the purpose for which it is designed, and now in cars we shall be seeing, already this year, some very interesting efforts along the same line of thought.

In a recent issue the question of the freshness and temperature of the air in a saloon car was discussed and in some of the new American models a complete air conditioning outfit is provided.

It will be possible by turning a knob to alter the temperature inside the car and all air which enters in is washed and filtered.

The winding up order which has been granted to the Board of Trade in the case of the North & South Insurance Corporation is a severe shock to the many holders of this Company's policies. Unfortunately a large number of these holders are small people.

It is quite clear that the Board of Trade could have taken steps earlier, since the impossibility of this Company continuing in business on the premiums which they were charging was patent. These were advertised at about 33½ per cent. below those of sound companies and the balance sheet has for some years disclosed the position.

A Difficult Problem

It is very important for all motorists to make quite certain that they are insured with sound firms. Luckily the unsound ones are few and far between.

The suggestion that the London traffic authorities may attempt to exclude private cars from certain parts of central London at certain hours is one which will rouse the fiercest controversy. That the authorities have the power to do this is quite clear, there argument being that the absence of private cars will so quicken up public conveyances that actually on balance the car owners will gain in point of time and that the good of the mass must be the first consideration.

Private cars coming into London, it is suggested, should be parked in huge special parks in the near suburbs. It is not stated, however, what car owners who already live within the prescribed area are to do with their cars.

It is an interesting suggestion but the working out would seem to bristle with almost insurmountable difficulties. It would seem simpler to make a start by prohibiting horses in these central districts, since they have now few friends among the public who advocate their continued use in cities.

Correspondence

More Good Wishes

SIR,—Since the *Saturday Review* has been taken over by Lady Houston and is now so splendidly patriotic, my husband (Lt.-Colonel A. G. Baird Smith) and I take it every week and thoroughly enjoy it. We wish it the best of luck and a huge circulation.

M. H. BAIRD SMITH.

25, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2.

[For this—and many other similar letters—our best thanks.—ED., S.R.]

Has the Old Spirit Gone?

SIR,—May I suggest that there are millions of Britisher who are just as pro-British as Lady Houston, but that we lack leadership and a basis of co-operation to tell ourselves, each other and the world that we retain something of the spirit which created our Empire and our Trade.

The thing which is of the greatest interest to the greatest number of our people, is the re-establishment of that state of affairs in which our activities may prosper. There are two systems under which this may be made possible—the capitalist system of industrialism and private enterprise—or the socialist system of State aid and control.

It does not seem enough to say that the Socialists are foolish or wicked—we who profess to believe in the Capitalist system, the constitution of the Empire must put our own house in order, and reassert our pride of Race and the old pioneer spirit of enterprise.

I have long believed that the real cause of the lack of commercial enterprise, which our Public Imperialists have done so much to advertise, has been due to the difficulty of raising capital and credit for new enterprise. The results of this difficulty were self evident long before the war—financial speculation had already started to strangle financial enterprise—and if we cannot see here—where this has landed America.

It has been made impossible for us to take an intelligent interest in the ventures to which we lend our money—which interest was the whole basis of the capitalist system.

I would make a start by interesting existing shareholders in the British enterprises to which they have lent their money—and I would do this by voicing the post-war policy of shouting from the house tops that all our producers and distributors lack enterprise, and of finding virtues in every other country but our own.

FREDERICK DAY.

St. Stephen's House, Westminster.

[*De l'audace, de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.* The S.R. believes in it, at any rate, vide Nov. 11th.—ED., S.R.]

Speed Limits

SIR,—I read your remarks as to a speed limit being ineffective, in the last Review to hand. I fear I cannot agree. It is obvious that if all motor cars went at 60 m.p.h. the danger to the public would be infinitely greater than if none went at more than 10 m.p.h., so that a limit of say 10 m.p.h. would reduce the death rate by probably 90 per cent. Who can deny this? No intelligent pedestrian I am sure. It is the motorist writers who constantly are saying that a speed limit is no use, all pedestrians are in favour of one. From 5 m.p.h. up to 100 m.p.h., say, the danger to pedestrian as well as motorists is steadily increasing and must of necessity do so. You cannot possibly get away from that, it is self-evident. We pedestrians know perfectly well what is our chief danger. Reduce the speed low enough and almost all accidents will cease. But the stupid craze is for speed to-day, hence the impasse.

Johannesburg.

T. B. BLATHWAYT.

[It would take us two hours to get to this office every morning if 10 m.p.h. were the limit, and we would have to call ourselves "The Sunday or Monday Review."—ED., S.R.]

Noisy Railway Stations

SIR,—British railway companies are showing considerable enterprise lately and one would like to commend them for it. Among other things, they appear to be endeavouring to popularise night travel, and it has advantages, especially when time is an important consideration. May I suggest, however, that night travel by rail will never be as popular in this country as it is abroad until it is made quieter?

Recently I came down overnight from the North. I had had a busy day before setting out and there was a heavy day before me in London after arrival. With all the will in the world to sleep and none at all to criticise adversely our railways, I was kept awake by a constant succession of station noises, in which the clanking of barrows was predominant, and all produced with a vigour showing that whoever else sleeps at night our energetic railway workers assuredly do not.

Of course the problem is greater in this country than in some abroad, such as the United States and the Dominions, where night travel is more general. There they have longer distances between busy stations. Nevertheless, I am sure that our railways could solve the problem if they would try and in doing so they would earn the blessings of all sleeping car passengers. Why not begin with taking the noise out of their barrows by running them on pneumatics?

C. J. ELKAN.
London, E.C.2.

[Why confine pneumatics to barrows? Third-class carriage seats are still hard and uncomfortable.—ED., S.R.]

The Codex

SIR,—Lady Houston will notice that, after refusing her most patriotic offer for London's Air Defence, the Government are purchasing, for £100,000, a Bible, evidently to save the souls of the people, and to hell with their bodies.

B. A. GWILT.

27, Melcombe St., Dorset Sq., N.W.1.

[As we pointed out last week, this means money to the Bolsheviks again.—ED., S.R.]

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The Need of Invention

SIR.—In many ways our politicians are doing, as you point out in recent issues, all that lies in their power to disintegrate the British Empire; but there is one way, more fatal perhaps than any other, which is not usually accorded the direct attention it appears to deserve. We are the most heavily taxed people in the world, and, whilst shallow thinking may adduce apparently sound reasons for our vast expenditure, fundamentally, this taxation brings into action hidden forces which tend more surely to disintegration than temporary loss of credit or loosening of Imperial ties.

Under present conditions, the surplus profits of both big and little business are passed to the tax collector, leaving nothing for the improvement of plant and experimental work. Imperial solidarity depends on our keeping ahead, or at least abreast, of the world in the methods of production and no more deadly influence than failure in this can possibly be set in motion; for, putting aside sentiment as something that is easily strained, internal trade and its protection are the strongest ties that exist. Let world relations be maintained at their best; let our credit be the highest amongst the nations; let our politicians have qualities to satisfy the most exigent demands; yet let us fall behind in methods of production and trade will go elsewhere, and with it sentiment.

But production should include, not only trade commodities, but items upon which trade must depend for freedom and protection; for the greater and more profitable the trade that is developed, the greater the temptation to the despoiler. Liquid funds for improvements and experimental work thus present a vital problem to the Imperialist, and it seems that shortage in this respect is more seriously apparent in this than in other European countries, since foreign offers have been received—and rejected—for work of the utmost importance which has been shelved for years because no local funds are available.

W. D. VERSCHOYLE.

72-78, Avenue Chambers.

Reprinted from the MORNING POST, Thursday, November 23, 1933.

INSPIRATION FROM TREES

Lord Allenby opens an Exhibition

∴ Mr. St. Barbe Baker's Appeal

Viscount Allenby yesterday opened an exhibition of photographs of trees at the Ilford Galleries, London. The exhibition, which has been organised by the "Men of the Trees," contains many superb studies of trees and woodlands.

Lord Allenby said that the human race which owed so much to the trees had behaved towards them with ingratitude and cruelty. Man's record in this relation was bad. For centuries he had felled, burnt, and destroyed.

Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker, Founder of the "Men of the Trees," said that there was a real live and growing interest in trees, and the exhibition would attract thoughtful people, not only from London, but from many parts of the country.

"Trees are healthful, exhilarating, especially the wild ones growing where the great creative force of nature placed them," he continued. "In this much vaunted civilisation in which we now live, man is too often inclined to think that the Infinite made the world in the rough, and left it altogether for him to improve."

Armistice Day Suggestion

"Are we really doing this in destroying the natural forests, as well as the birds that go with them? The birds are now to be protected by legislation, but their homes in the trees are being too rapidly destroyed."

"The War depleted four-fifths of our forests, and at the present rate of planting it will take 180 years to replenish the trees cut down for war purposes."

"There has been much talk as to how we can best perpetuate Armistice Day. I suggest that we remember Armistice Day by making it a national planting day. Let us see to it that for every tree felled at least two are planted."

"Trees are always giving out an element of life as necessary to man as the air he breathes. Valuable as they are for timber, we need the inspiration that comes from living trees."

"It was, I think, Prentice Mulford who said, 'Whoever can retire for periods to the solitude of the forest and enjoy that solitude, feeling no solitude at all, but a joyous sense of exhilaration, will return among men with more power and new power, for he or she has literally walked with God.'"

THE MEN OF THE TREES

Among its activities, The Men of the Trees has periodical meetings, excursions, tree photographic competitions, picture exhibitions, lantern lectures and parties for junior members. It makes contact with schools and young people as the tree lovers of the future. It gives assistance and advice on all tree subjects, and it issues certain publications of its own, including a specially illustrated Tree Calendar with seasonal woodland studies.

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Goats' Milk

SIR.—A number of distinguished doctors recently issued a declaration in which it was stated that about 2,000 children die annually from tuberculous infection of bovine origin, and that many others suffer disabling and deforming illnesses due mainly, if not entirely, to an infected milk supply. Lord Moynihan also stated recently that 40 per cent. of the cows in the country suffer from tuberculosis.

Pasteurisation is a difficult and time-wasting process, lessens the value of the milk and is not always properly done. I should like, therefore, to call attention to the great value of goats' milk.

The goat is practically immune to tuberculosis. Its milk is also more alkaline than that of the cow and contains much more phosphorus and calcium, which are necessary for bone-building and repair, and also iron, which is deficient in cows' milk. Owing to the small size of the cream globules it is more easily digested and forms a softer curd in the stomach. Its flavour is quite agreeable and, if the animal is kept and milked in clean surroundings, devoid of undesirable taint.

Thousands of families could, with great advantage to health and pocket, keep one or a couple of goats. Pasturage is not necessary; the animals may be tethered on a chain during the day and brought into a shed at night. Feeding is very inexpensive as, in addition to a little hay, oats, bran, etc., goats will consume all the waste products of the garden, peelings and leaves of vegetables, prunings of trees, clippings of hedges as well as scraps from the kitchen. Variety is what they chiefly require. A goat will give 2 quarts or more a day, of excellent milk for a large part of the year. This can be consumed by the family immediately after milking, without the necessity of preservatives or other additions or of much handling and contamination in transit.

Croydon.

P. G. TILLARD.

[We are nearly all of us Conservative at heart, and we doubt if many will desert the cow.—ED., S.R.]

The Cinema Thirty-Five Miles of Film

By MARK FORREST

IT is some time since Mr. Eisenstein, one of the most brilliant film directors in the world, made a new picture, but "Thunder over Mexico," which is at the Marble Arch Pavilion, should recompense his admirers for their long wait.

The history of the manner in which this film came to be made would make quite an amusing picture itself, but it was lucky that Mr. Eisenstein found Mr. Upton Sinclair, for he went at the latter's request to make a short travelogue, ended by staying eighteen months in the country and reeling out thirty-five miles of film. This has now been cut down to the customary six or seven thousand feet.

Unfortunately, before it could be cut, Mr. Eisenstein was recalled to Russia and the actual cutting was made by Hollywood from his own notes. The purists are rather wild about this, but the ordinary cinema-goer need not let it worry him, because the result is an extraordinary interesting film which is packed full of wonderful photography.

The story is slight enough—a double wedding between two peons and two of the landed gentry. Unfortunately, one of the guests of the latter rapes one of the former, and this incident furnishes the director with his opportunity to expose the barbaric existence suffered by the nation under the rule of General Diaz. The story itself and its consequences are too perfunctorily undertaken to make them more than incidental, but for those who have an interest in the art of cinematography there is much else to lend enchantment. Cloud formations have been used most cleverly, and there are some "shots" which have all the beauty of sculpture. It is a film, nevertheless, which will appeal to the student rather than to the general public, who will probably find the static nature of the story somewhat boring.

It is preceded by another film which is out of the ordinary; this has also been made by Russians, Mr. and Mrs. Starewitch, whose "Magic Clock" will not be forgotten by those who saw it. Their new one "The Mascot," is full of humour of a somewhat morbid kind, but their use of models is exceptionally clever. It needs cutting; still there has been no other picture quite like it.

The film version of "The Late Christopher Bean" at the Empire is a very disappointing business; I am hoping that the French version of the same play, "Prenez Garde à la Peinture," which opens at the Cinema House, Oxford Circus, next week will have more to recommend it. Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore have the roles which Edith Evans and Cedric Hardwicke play at the St. James'.

Thunder over Mexico. Directed by S. S. Eisenstein. Marble Arch.

The Late Christopher Bean. Directed by Sam Wood. Empire.

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BY NESTA H. WEBSTER

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The Boom in Industrials

Banking Profits for 1933—and the Shares

[By Our City Editor]

THE year has opened more than cheerfully on the Stock Exchange, for the usually dull three-weeks holiday account closed with a "boom" in Industrial shares which one cannot help feeling has been somewhat overdone. Admittedly, conditions in this country have improved tremendously during the past year, as we have shown from time to time in this column, while abroad, America's budgeting for a colossal deficit, and for expenditure which must be financed on bank credit, gives the belief that, failing a complete collapse, international trade must benefit in the immediate future.

The present level of prices of the favourite industrial shares has discounted this recovery for some time ahead, given even the most favourable conditions. At present levels, Dunlop ordinary stock yields under 2 per cent., and Courtaulds give no higher return. Imperial Chemical ordinary shares return 3½ per cent., but Turner and Newall and Rolls-Royce yield only 2½ per cent. and 2½ per cent. respectively. As under conditions of continued cheap money the yield on British Government securities is about 3½ per cent., it is difficult to see reasons for any further advance in industrials.

Profits of the Banks

The profits so far announced by the big joint-stock banks must be regarded as most satisfactory, for, except for Lloyds Bank and Westminster Bank, there has been an increase in 1933 in each case as compared with 1932, and all the banks have been able to maintain their dividend rates. The net profit of the Midland Bank for 1933 was £2,266,846, compared with £2,019,143 in 1932, and the extra earnings go to swell the contingency fund, the allocation being £550,000 against £300,000. The National Provincial Bank made profits of £1,603,424, against £1,593,318 in 1932, the dividend absorbing £1,421,912, £100,000 being placed to pension fund and £857,033 carried forward. Barclays Bank profits at £1,604,679 for 1933 compare with £1,574,013 for the previous year, and £50,000 is placed to staff widows' fund, the amount carried forward being £570,238 against £577,760 brought into the accounts.

Lloyds Bank profits are lower at £1,438,822, compared with £1,550,511 in 1932, but it is somewhat difficult to make a comparison of the profit figures of the various banks in view of the difference in their methods of arriving at the net figure. Lloyds have once again charged all bad and doubtful debts provision to the year's revenue, and the allocation to contingencies is halved at £100,000, the amount carried forward being slightly lower at £506,104. Westminster Bank's profits are £30,000 lower at £1,464,955, dividends absorbing £1,165,444, while once again £100,000

is placed to premises and £200,000 to pensions fund. Martins Bank, which has only recently achieved business of such proportions as to be included in the list, report a net profit of £654,941, against £636,950, the sum of £50,000 being placed to premises fund, against nil, while the amount carried forward is £207,903, against £185,368.

The past year has been a most difficult one for the big banks, since the swollen deposits have, perchance, had to be invested in the gilt-edged market, where yields have been so low as seriously to affect revenue which, in more normal times, would be increasing with the growth in deposits through the medium of advances to customers, which, after all, is the chief and legitimate source of banking revenue. Though the banks have many critics, their profit figures for the past year must be regarded as a tribute to sound commercial management.

The Dividends

Barclays Bank alone have maintained their dividend rate throughout the period of depression, Lloyds Bank shareholders having suffered most in this direction. The "A" maximum dividend shares receive the usual 10 per cent. and the 14 per cent. on the "B" shares is again paid. The yield on these shares at current prices is about £3 18s. 6d. per cent. and £3 19s. 3d. per cent. respectively. The Midland Bank dividend is 16 per cent. for the year, and the £12 shares (£2 10s. paid) yield almost exactly 4 per cent., still a good return, for the security for the "liability" on the shares as being partly-paid is hardly likely to prove a hardship. The fully-paid £2 10s. shares and £1 shares return just under £3 17s. per cent. at present prices.

The National Provincial Bank dividend of 15 per cent. for the year gives yields of nearly 4½ per cent. on the partly-paid shares, which are £25 (£3 10s. paid) and £20 (£4 paid). The fully-paid shares return again about £3 17s. per cent. Lloyds "A" shares, on which the dividend is 12 per cent., yield over 4 per cent., the reduction in profits helping to depress the price, while the shares are of £5 denomination (£1 paid-up). The fully-paid shares return only £3 12s. 6d. per cent. The Westminster's dividend rate is the highest, being 18 per cent., and the £4 shares (£1 paid) yield about £4 2s. per cent., the fully-paid 12½ per cent. maximum dividend shares giving a return of about £3 14s. per cent. Martins' £20 shares (£2 10s. paid) give the high return of over 4½ per cent., while the fully-paid shares yield 4 per cent., the dividend rate being 14 per cent. Martins Bank shares, therefore, appear attractive in view of the good results for the past year, when poor conditions obtained over most the area in the North from which Martins' business is drawn.

Broadcasting Notes

IT must be very nice to feel entirely pleased with oneself, and I think it is true to say that the B.B.C. as a whole and several members of the staff are in this happy frame of mind. One or two of the announcers, for example, sound incredibly self-satisfied: they have no need to be, they are not very good announcers.

These remarks are called forth by the fact that next week sees the revival of "Songs from the Shows." The B.B.C. is extremely pleased with itself in the matter of these broadcasts, the pleasure being based, presumably, on the number of appreciative letters received from listeners. To tell the truth, they are reasonably jovial shows, but they could be considerably improved if they could be rid of the awful canker of smugness.

Completely Self-Satisfied

I am afraid the producer of "Songs from the Shows" is responsible for this. Mr. John Watt has considerable talent as a producer, and he is an author of parts, but he has unfortunately been bitten by the microphone bug and insists on compèring his own shows. I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Watt is not the ideal compère. His voice is not particularly attractive, and, above all, he gives the impression of being completely self-satisfied. I believe these broadcasts would be improved out of all knowledge if Mr. Watt would

hand over the microphone to someone else and confine his undoubted talents to production.

Again, the Drama Director is unaccountably pleased with himself because "Ghosts" has been adapted for the microphone. I do not share his jubilation, in fact, I believe this passion for adapting stage plays is stultifying the growth of radio drama.

English Play Sold Abroad

Recently I had the privilege of hearing the plot of a play specially written for broadcasting by a celebrated English author. The plot was excellent, and I am told that it has been handled with skill and imagination. This play will be broadcast, but not in England, since it has been sold to a foreign country.

It seems to me tragic that a foreign country should snap up radio plays by established English authors under our very noses while the B.B.C. smilingly congratulates itself on having adapted a play by Ibsen. I should have thought that it was the duty of the Drama Director of the B.B.C. to stimulate authors in this country to write for the microphone, but I can see practically no signs that this is being done.

It is a hard saying, I know, but I can see no hope of an improvement in the programmes until some of the bright young boys are jerked out of their attitude of complacency and made to realise that no amount of self-adulation or mutual back-scratching ever made a good programme out of a bad one.

ALAN HOWLAND.

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